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L E T T E R S

BETWEEN THE

BISHOP OF DURHAM,

AND

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

1609/2967.



# LETTERS

BETWEEN

THE HONOURABLE, AND RIGHT REVEREND  
FATHER IN GOD,

SHUTE,

BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE,

LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM,

COUNT OF THE COUNTY PALATINE,

EARL OF SADBERGE, BARON EVENWOOD, &c. &c.

AND

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE:

A CORRESPONDENCE INTERESTING  
TO EVERY LOVER OF LITERATURE,  
FREEDOM, AND RELIGION.

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SECOND EDITION.

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Si ma veracité les offense [les prêtres] et qu' ils veuillent me retrancher de l'Eglise, je craindrai peu cette menace, dont l'exécution n'est pas en leur pouvoir. Ils ne m'empêcheront pas d'être uni de cœur avec les fidèles; ils ne m'ôteront pas du rang des Elus, si j'y fais insister: ils peuvent m'en ôter les consolations dans cette vie; mais non l'espoir dans celle qui doit la suivre; et c'est là que mon vœu le plus ardent, et le plus sincère, est, d'avoir JESUS CHRIST même pour juge entre eux, et moi.

ROUSSEAU, à l'Archevêque de PARIS.

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L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR L. RIDGWAY, YORK-STREET, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE;  
AND W. CLARKE, NEW-BOND-STREET.

1793.

[Price Two Shillings and Six-pence.]



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HERE is not any object so dear to me as fair literary fame. Let the publick, therefore, of whose favour I am so ambitious, forgive me, if I, industriously, and minutely endeavour to remove every prejudice which might prevent them from honouring me with their dispassionate, and candid attention. It may be objected to my following letters, that the bishop's part of our correspondence did not call for such exertion, and energy of retaliation. I must honestly own that these letters partly flowed from my very just, and warrantable sentiments on the long, implacable, but cowardly

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ardly hostilities, with which I know that I have been persecuted by churchmen. To spare unforgiving tempers, is to prostitute benevolence. As certainly as the most elastick bow may break, by being overbent, the most generous, and unassuming mind, by supercilious, and unrelaxing neglect, by repeated, and inflexible insolence, and injustice, may spurn the undistinguishing formalities of life; may unexpectedly bring the presumptuous offenders to the respectable, the awful tribunal of the publick;—may obtain the honourable verdict of the heart, by the honest exertion of the head; and may, thus, contrast the clearness of it's own atmosphere, with the \* fog that envelops the brain of it's oppressours.

\* The sage, and venerable PLUTARCH, my friend, and daily companion, one of the great instructors, and consolers of my life, informs me, that it was the opinion of ARISTOTLE, that the odour of fragrant flowers greatly refreshed, and warmed the brain, which, according to that philosopher, *is cold, and frosty, by nature*;—*Ψυχῶν ὄντα,*

*Quæst.*



## ADVERTISEMENT.

preffours. Let, then, the immediate ungenerous treatment, in the opinion of every equitable judge, compleat the aggregated provocation. It will evidently appear to every judge, of that character, that the bishop of DURHAM has treated me, in a very abrupt, and ungentlemanly manner;---when it was in his power to atone to me, by an act of christian kindness, for all that I have suffered from malice, and misfortune. And my love of literature, my assiduous application to it's best objects, in the worst circumstances, will be deemed a strong plea, or rather, an unequivocal claim, to his distinction, and beneficence, by all who are endowed with taste, and humanity; *however* weak, or impertinent, such a claim is pro-

ΦΥΣΕΙ, ΚΑΙ ΠΑΡΑΓΕΤΩΔΗ ΤΟΥ ΕΥΚΕΦΑΛΟΥ. — PLUTARCH, on ISIS, and OSIRIS. — The philosophy of this account of the human brain is worse than disputable; it is, however, in all ages, extremely applicable, in metaphorical, or poetical language, to many persons who fancy themselves very important, and very wise.

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nounced, by those who see no merit without external power; and by the parliamentary retailers of preferment.

If I can write with any force against ecclesiastical prejudice, and malignity, I congratulate with myself, on having directed that force against a powerful antagonist. The merit of a just, and exemplary enterprize, is enhanced by it's danger. The old ROMANS delighted in empire as much as modern prelates;---but our spiritual rulers meanly invert the strain of dominion which was exercised by the great masters of the world. *Their* "parcere  
"subjectis, et debellare superbos,"---is the proper motto of an intrepid, and generous ambition. I wish that I could throw that motto into my practice, that the fortune of bishops might be reduced, and the fate of curates alleviated. If one of the poor inferior clergy of the principality of WALES

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had struck me on *one* cheek, if I had not turned to him the *other*, perhaps I might have tolerated the affront.---I have been told that some of these gentlemen are obliged to play upon cat-gut, to save themselves, and their families from starving. Their superiours in the church, without one excuseable motive, often endeavour to play on the feelings of ingenuous minds: must not virtue be pleased, if, in *any* instance, they mistake their object; if their sport proves their own pain; while it produces “concord, and sweet sounds,” to those finer souls, who are in unison with intellectual harmony, and who vibrate to it's numbers?

By one of my generous criticks, I am called a splenetick man. I have always commiserated, and despised the character. I know my faults; and am ready to acknowledge them. I feel a warm gratitude for the smallest civilities; and I am sensible to injuries,

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injuries, and oppression. But a splenetick person is gratified by no favours; and a breast that harbours not a particle of spleen, may properly resent, and repell great wrongs.---Unjust, and obnoxious epithets are commonly applied to the conduct of the unfortunate, when it has a right to candour; nay, to praise. They who sicken at the sight of merit; who, while they are conscious that it deserves their encomium, inflexibly depress it, with deliberate, and artful silence, cold approbation, or virulent abuse, to avenge themselves, and their associates, of it's lustre; these are the men who are, at once, the assassins of reputation, and the victims of spleen.

To aspire after renown by those attainments which most eminently adorn, and enoble human nature;---in our efforts, in our conflicts, for glory, never fatally to yield to temporary interruptions; but always to  
rise

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rise superiour to adversity, to malignity, to ourselves ;---with fresh ardour to renew learning, after every chasm of indolence, and virtue, after every relapse to vice ;---in preserving a spirit of independence, in communicating important truth, totally to disregard the immense wealth of others, and the horrors of our own poverty ;---to accept liberal praise, with unfeigned thankfulness, and humility ;---explicitly to assert those endowments which internal, and oracular conviction assures us that we possess, in the face of stupid prejudice, and unrelenting malevolence ;---these are not the characteristics of a gloomy, and splenetick, but of an open, and manly mind ; and if I had not acted in this manner, myself, I should pronounce it MAGNANIMITY.

It was the opinion of a clerical sage, that the world would call me *wrong-headed*. I shall not be tedious with my remarks on *him*.

Fools

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Fools are very apt to despise, or to affect to despise, what they cannot comprehend. The family of the DULL-HEADS always class independent, spirited, original talents, with the family of the WRONG-HEADS.

PREFACE.

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## P R E F A C E.

**I**N civilized life, man is, in the aggregate, an imitative, and therefore, a servile being. And when he ought to think most seriously, most severely, for himself, he exercises that strain of thinking, the least. Instead of being regulated, in his sentiments, and conduct, by independent reason, and judgement; he adopts all the fashionable freaks, and trifles of his countrymen; when they have ceased even to be the shadows, as they have lost all resemblance, of their ancestors.

In every period of the history of any celebrated community, the example, of our superiours in station, has great influence; and it's influence is well known. What force has that example, to our honour, or to our shame! what astonishing effects doth it  
B produce,

produce, in the flourishing times of a Republick\*; or even just before that Republick expires, in a lifeless, and despicable effeminacy! When LÆLIUS, and SCIPIO lived, studied, and fought, TERENCE renewed, and adorned MENANDER: and in the more degenerate days of ROME; before she sunk to absolute profligacy, and servility; before she finally submitted to the genius, and the valour of CÆSAR, private, and publick virtue acted with all their purity, and vigour, in the breast of CATO. It was not cold and mechanical imitation, which, here, denominated the conduct of great men; the sublimity of it's objects, the ardour of it's pursuits, distinguished it into emulation. CATO kept a steady eye on the memory of ZENO, and on his living successors; and he became what he *was*;---and in corrupted ROME, there were some generous young men who were emulous of CATO.

ROME had been, for some time, enslaved, before shackles were thrown on reason, and imagination. The specious tyranny of

\* By Republick, I here mean any state; not the particular mode by which it is governed.

AUGUSTUS; and the unaffected love of literature, which adorned *his* mind, and the minds of his most eminent courtiers, protracted the life, the exertions, and the honours, of Roman genius. The lyre of HORACE was destined to be harmonious, to the latest ages; and VIRGIL little knew that the sound of his martial trumpet was to fire his

“ —penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.”

Such were the atchievements of these immortal poets; and such has been their glory;---for a POLLIO, a VARUS, a MÆCENAS, and a CÆSAR, were their criticks, and their friends.

But in frivolous, and effeminate manners, *we* are beneath the Augustan age; and (if we keep a view of the analogies between the constitution of old ROME, and that of ENGLAND) we are beneath it in political decay. Learning, and the fine arts, must inevitably, and radically suffer, by this national depravity. The effects of the predominant character of the times, are not counteracted by those, who, from their elevated  
rank

rank in society, determine the taste of the publick. Patronage, with *us*, is either prostituted, or withheld. The \*VANBURGHs in painting; or those who mistake a glare of colouring for the animation, and expression of a most beautiful art, for an emulation of a RUBENS, or a TITIAN, are stupidly compared with those great men; and with a RAPHAEL, a CORREGIO, and a GUIDO. If it is to the dishonour of our rulers, that poetry, the first of the fine arts, shares none of their protection, it is, however, a self-evident truth; and therefore it needs no discussion.—Hence this divine object, has, for several years, been at the mercy of fashion, by which it has been treated, as might have been expected, from such a protectress; she has endured, she has applauded, the most palpable nonsense, in a kind of rhyme; she has been insensible to the little remains of true poetical genius in England; or she has confounded them with the BAVII, and the MÆVII of the day.

\* I allude to the heavy architecture of Sir John VANBURGH.

There

Nothing more palpably shows that we are miserably lost to a sense of true delicacy, and refinement, than the success of our new, and wretched dramatick productions, which are not only suffered, on the stage; but during the lunacy of a moon, excite the clamour of admiration. We are so supine, or so stupid, that we cannot penetrate through sing-song, and good acting, to be disgusted with as dull, and vulgar nonsense as ever arose in the human mind. In times, which are totally frivolous, and degenerate, fashion, and her prejudices, like agents of apparently greater energy, like the arms of Cæsar, throw down, and confound, all distinctions of every kind of excellence. By the ignorance, and impertinence of some theatrical criticks, KEMBLE has, in *our* days, been preferred to GARRICK. Our furious political champions, I mean, our political incendiaries, fortunately for government, and good order, are deeply infected with the barbarisms of this æra of false, and spurious politeness. For while human nature retains it's permanent constitution, the graces will have all the influence which was given to them by

a STANHOPE.—They will “ make the worse “ appear the better cause.” What classical soul would not spurn the most wholesome doctrine, if it was delivered in the jargon of a PRIESTLEY, or a PAINE? These men are deliberately, and studiously, at war with all elegance: They imagine that, to be vulgar, is to be strong; that to be savage, is to be free.

There was a time when abilities, yet more respectable, yet more venerable, than those of the bards, for they directly promoted the temporal, and eternal welfare of mankind, were patronized, and stimulated, by an English court; but how are we, now, to expect, that such excellent divines, such dignitaries, such luminaries, as a TILLOTSON, and a CLARKE, will arise, to defend, and honour our church, when, in princely favour, a WARD, and a MENDOZA, are two of our first worthies, two of our most conspicuous heroes?

The minister of this country is a man of astonishing talents; and it is impossible that he should be destitute of a classical, and elegant  
taste;

taste ; yet to intellectual merit, for it's own sake, as much benevolent attention is payed by Mr. DUNDAS, or by my Lord HAWKESBURY, as by himself. A single criterion may ascertain the disposition, and the habits of an individual, or of a nation. When they who possess great genius as well as power, show no regard to genius in others, but as far as it tends to ensure the objects of their own interest, and ambition, all the characteristicks of their country may be easily, and portentously inferred.

For publishing the letters which follow this Introduction, little or no apology would be requisite ; if men were not strongly prejudiced in favour of the rich, and powerful ; and *against* those, to whom wealth, and power have always refused their support, and their authority. To correspond with a Bishop, as *I* have corresponded with one, is very uncommon ; but it is not, therefore, wrong ; nay it would not be difficult to prove that it is of service to the community. Persons in high station, while they behave themselves even but decently, are entitled to

respect; but the respect which we pay them is often accompanied with a meanness and timidity, especially in the deportment of the clergy to their superiors. There is, commonly, on one side, an awkward, and over-bearing pride; and on the other, not a collected, and manly, but a tremulous, and abject, humility. How severely, then, must *my* free, and independent sentiments be condemned by the creatures of imitation; by those, who without the pain of a moment's thinking, always approve what is always practised; and organically echo the disapprobation of that which is always condemned. But this literary enterprise will be esteemed by those, whose favourable verdict will be of infinitely more importance to me, than the frowns, and the clamour of the whole imitative herd. "O Imitatores, servum pecus!"—The idea of those cattle presented to my mind some observations which I have now made, and which are not immediately connected with my present subject.

As

As I am sensible that I have a peculiarity of mind, which I shall always wish to check, when it tends to that which is wrong; which I shall always wish to indulge, when it dictates to me a singular, and noble morality, I am, consequently, sensible that some parts of my correspondence, with my honourable, and right reverend prelate, will even ludicrously entertain my best friends;—those who are candid, and generous, in their opinion of my heart; and whose benign rays of approbation throw a lustre around my head; to which it unfeignedly stoops, as undeserving of the honour. In defence of the passages to which I allude, I can, with truth, assure the publick, that they are sincere; and let their comick influence receive dignity from this defence, in the estimation of every liberal critick.

To these letters I have annexed some verses of eulogy on the bishop; they are extracted from a poem which I lately published at DURHAM. For the satisfaction of the reader, I was determined to present to him, the whole connexion of my mind with  
his

his lordship; the praise which I gave him was respectable, because it was sincere. It flowed from the opinion which I had formed of him.—If, in consequence of our correspondence, it has changed it's operation, and has become satirical;—I do not think that the satire will justly fall on the author, but on the subject.

I beg leave to request the reader's attention to another extract, from the same poem. The poem is entitled, "Poetical Thoughts, and Views, on the Banks of the WEAR."—I take the liberty of giving the last extract, in justice to myself, as a poet. The publick will be the best judge, and a decisive judge of all real merit, when it is fairly brought before their eye;—hitherto, I have not been able, from a variety of hostile, and unfortunate circumstances, to take all the equitable advantages of their tribunal; to *them*, however, I hope, one day, to make a complete appeal; an appeal, which will amply avenge me (for I seek no revenge but glory) of malignant criticks, and of more malignant priests.

When

When I resolved to tell the Bishop of DURHAM plainly what I thought, I stripped *him* of his appendages; and what I wanted in appendages (and God knows, *that* was, every thing) I summoned up, for myself, in spirit. My act of resolving, and the strain of my letters, which flowed from that resolution, are, as I have already observed, quite unusual;—but the most scrupulous reader, if he is a good man, will pardon my singularity; because it proceeded from my conscioufness that it was right.—Nay, I must honestly own that I think it meritorious, to redeem, as far as we can, in *some* trying instances, the horrid inequalities of fortune; to rouse, and, if possible, to alarm, and agitate those puny souls, who doze on the down of luxury, without giving one serious thought to the hard circumstances of their fellow-creatures: who are insensible to the best atchievements of the mind; to the exquisite pains of sensibility;—to intellect making its way through the rubbish of distress.

There

There is a class of men who are particularly, and solemnly obliged to an humble, yet ardent imitation of their evangelical chief:—these men remarkably need to be warned, that they are peculiarly accountable to God, and to mankind, for an impartial, and generous distribution of preferment; which, is by *them*, in general, notoriously ill bestowed. The gross impropriety is the effect of a coldness, and narrowness of heart:—They only reward, for they can only comprehend, the petty virtues; with magnanimous conduct, with distinguished talents, they are overpowered, and oppressed.

If we can honestly reach and affect the human heart, whatever may be the disadvantages of our situation, we contend, at least, safely for our honour, with bishops, ministers, or kings. I beg that my readers may be so just, and so generous to me, as to be assured that this pamphlet contains the thoughts of a frank, and ingenuous man. I do not mean to boast a greater independence of  
mind

mind than I possess; and though my life has been unfortunately marked with imprudence, I naturally should wish, that the publick opinion of my imprudence might not exceed the proper bounds. A person at *my* time of life, must be yet a child in conduct, who sends into the world, such a preface, and such letters as these are, without a previous, and mature consideration of all their possible effects. I have reflected on this publication, with the cool theory of a FABIUS; I realize it with *his* determination. I have no hopes of episcopal beneficence; but the frowns of prelates rather animate, than deaden my hopes of happiness, temporal, and eternal. As in the *physical* creation (permit me, like the shepherd in VIRGIL, to compare great things with small) earthquakes, and volcanos, from a variety of natural causes, often bear the mandates of Heaven; often warn, intimidate, and restrain, avarice, pride, luxury, and oppression;—so, it seems to be in the scheme of Providence, that, in the *moral* world, feeling, and forcible minds, hardly pressed by bad fortune, and by the insolence,

lence, or obduracy of dignified lumber, should sometimes, from the concussion of actuated sensibility, and of genial inspiration, dart their ethereal flame;—strike that lumber with a seasonable, but unexpected shock, and shake it with a salutary agitation.—The good which is thus produced by such minds, or, at least, the tendency to good, in the social, and civil atmosphere, will conciliate, in their favour, the benevolent, and humane; these readers, and these judges, will immediately forgive their eccentricities, and feel a livelier compassion for their misfortunes.

Low minds never forgive the man who tells them those home truths which they are conscious that they deserve. If, from the gloom of an episcopal palace, I had felt a ray of hope which made its *darkness visible* to me, it might have been foolish in me to have written in the strain, by which my mind is, at present, kept in motion; but as I cannot foresee any intercourse between the holy bench, and me, that will be propitious to my fortune, I could only have been

been prevented from availing myself of the fair liberty of the press, by a constitutional, and despicable timidity.—For in exhibiting, *spiritual* insensibility, *in high places*, in its proper colours, there is a moral pleasure, which is a very different sentiment from an ungenerous resentment; what I now offer to the publick, will, at least, give them some liberal entertainment;—and its tendency, as I have already remarked, is, rather to produce good than ill.

Whether bishops, who call themselves christian bishops, are criminal, for keeping up their frost against me; or whether I am really an obnoxious person, for being it's object, do *you* determine, who study human nature, with an acute, yet with a gentle eye;—in whose golden, and celestial scales of equity, merit descends, with every atom of its weight; while concomitant, and almost inseparable faults, kick the beam:—do *you* determine, who sympathize with the pains, as you glow with the animated, and splendid exertions of sensibility;—do *you* determine, who are the sincere, the humble, and  
the

the zealous followers of a forgiving, and merciful redeemer.

No, my lords, your pictures are not drawn by a painter in despair. I am neither so mean, nor so stupid, as to suppose that *your* displeasure implies the exclusion of *any* person from sublunary enjoyment, or from celestial bliss. I have indeprivable sources of satisfaction, and happiness, which I will not particularly describe to you, for you cannot comprehend them. The man who supercedes fortune, by the vigour, and richness of his mind, derives his pleasures, and his dignity, from himself;—a modern bishop totally supports *his* existence, by external, and contingent supplies. The Divine economy admirably balances good, and ill. The pre-eminence of the natural over the artificial man, is so distinguished, and so glorious, that it *must* have its pains.

Both my livings, in NORTHUMBERLAND, produce not more to *me*, than 220*l.* a year. From this sum, salaries to *two* curates are to be deducted; for I have a curate at each living,

living, though the churches are within two miles of each other; that the parishioners may enjoy all the benefit of divine service which is due to them. I know that the style of preaching which is easy, and habitual to my curates, will be more edifying to my congregations than the manner of thinking, and writing which I have adopted. When these facts are considered, will any real gentleman think that absence from a county which has been unfavourable to my health; personal liberty, and a mere subsistence, are enormous privileges to one, who has devoted his life, and his interest, to the cultivation of his mind; to intellectual reputation?

Several of our bishops reside very little in their dioceses. Our Saviour's reproof to the heads of the Jewish church is too applicable to *them*. "They [the Scribes and Pharisees] "bind heavy burdens, and grievous to be "borne, and lay them on men's shoulders; "but they themselves will not move them "with one of their fingers\*." I knew a late

\* Matthew, chap. xxiii. ver. 4.

bishop, who, on many accounts, deserved private, and publick esteem, and respect, who commonly resided at ST. ASAPH, but about a month, in two years; yet he rigorously required the residence of his clergy.

To this pamphlet I shall add an advertisement of most of my productions. Let my readers forgive me if I take every opportunity of bringing myself, as an author, to their notice. Many dark, and ungenerous means have been used to check the diffusion of my literary honours, which are dearer to me than my life.—Surely I am not impertinent to the publick, if I endeavour to attract that most honourable, and glorious attention, which the voice of nature tells my heart, that, in some degree, I deserve. Should this publication break the ice that arrests my fair fame, and give it's current to flow, with vigour, and expansion; with the gratitude of a disinterested, and noble ambition, I should thank the Bishop of DURHAM, with more humility, and ardour, than if he had given me a stall in his cathedral.

His

His Lordship, in *his* pious correspondence with me, seemed afraid of soothing my worldly vanity. In *his* letters, the liberal, and polite critick will see the dryness of the bishop. Episcopal praise would have been but vapid to a heart to which genius had been allowed, by a GARRICK, a JOHNSON, and a BURKE. Something, perhaps, very polite might have been said, both on the naval sermons, and on the poem which I presented to him, without incurring the elegant falsehood of a CHESTERFIELD;--but our good fathers of the church are in no danger of stumbling on *his* guilt;---they will neither catch his *suaviter in modo*, nor his *fortiter in re*.---I was not offended with the *brevity* of the bishop's letters: I hope it will not displease my readers.---They have the LACONIAN conciseness; but not a particle of it's force.

They, whose souls are superiour to every low, malicious art, would not, without some difficulty, believe, how industrious the inferior clergy have been, to injure me, as a writer, and as a man. A church-militant-

hero, in talking of me with one of my friends, a gentleman of great veracity, and honour, passed the following hard sentence on me :—" That fellow (said he) deserves " to be shot."—Why so, replied my friend, with some surprize? Why, because he is a deserter from us, replied the holy myrmidon :—" don't you shoot deserters?"—Thou whited wall; thou wolf in sheep's cloathing, whoever thou art, why do I deserve to be shot; for how have I deserted?—The sports of the field;—the profligate drudgery of elections;---the excesses of the table; the infamous destruction of time, at cards :---these are the objects which are eagerly pursued by most of our clergy.---From these men I have never deserted; for I never was attached to them.---My life has been marked with errors, and with faults; but they have been the errors, and the faults of the moment; of inadvertence; of surprise;---I never, like thee, and thy associates, thou *bold divine*, who *chargest me with heaven's artillery*;---I never deliberately listed under the banners of depravity; I never was uniform, and systematical, in base-

ness.

ness.---For a great part of my life, I have been very diligent in the service of our church; of a church which I love.---I have always adored the author of our religion, with sincerity, and with fervour;---that religion I have always revered; and in the discouraging hours of poverty, and misfortune, I have exerted my best powers in it's defence;---when I had not the faintest hope of any retribution, from *this* world. Thou relentless inquisitor;---thou president of a court-martial;---remember that we solemnly engaged, as ministers of the gospel, to be zealously employed in good works;---to be imitators of the meek, the abstemious, the benevolent Messiah;---who, then, are the deserters from the standard of Christ?---Is it I, with my virtuous industry, and it's ingenious effects, contrasted with my failings;---is it I, who have been guilty of apostacy; or have not *you* committed that crime;---you, with your tumultuous, and bloated rabble;---the celebrators of the orgies of NIMROD, and APICIUS?

Illustrious, and divine ROUSSEAU ! Some friends, too generous to my fame, have discovered a similitude between thee, and me!--In misfortunes, and in sufferings, I can see some resemblance between us ;---but I am too far from presumption ; I am too worthy of the friendship of thy admirers, to imagine that there is a strong resemblance between us, in the glorious abilities of the mind. It was observed by thee, after the archbishop of PARIS had fulminated his mandate, that every despicable Abbé was eager to give thee the last blow. The human machines of *our* hierarchy have treated *me*, in a similar manner, as far as they durst, in a country, which *yet*, hath freedom. And why wast *thou* persecuted by churchmen ? not for thy heterodoxy ; not for thy scepticism ; for they flowed from an honest heart, and mind, intent only on truth ; and adorers of it's God,---no ;---They persecuted thee, because thy christian eloquence appalled *their* guilt ; because a more just, and striking picture of our Saviour was drawn by thee than ever *their* dull pencils could pourtray ;

---a picture, which, with it's rays of celestial beauty, completely exhibited *their* deformity.

In thy life-time, thou wast fortunate in thy celebrity ; and thou didst escape one of *my* great misfortunes, by not taking the priesthood ; a most respectable, and august office, if we look up to it's Divine original ; to it's celestial archetype ;---but mortifying, and humiliating to exalted sentiment, whenever it feels it's relation to the modern fraternity ;---dangerous, and alarming, too, to the same sentiment ; because, in that very fraternity, it will, most probably, find it's assassins !

I may learn a benevolent, and active morality ; I may improve in my knowledge of christianity, from *thy* enthusiastick, and burning pages ;---not from *their* cold, and soporifick sermons ; and yet less, from their manners, and conversation ! When I wish to tune my soul to seraphick harmony, I shall not long to enter the palace of LAMETH, nor to visit the castle of DURHAM,

or of AUCKLAND;---I shall repair to the workshop of EMILIUS; to the rocks of MEILLERIE; to the tomb of ELOISA. We may grow better men by marking, with a moral eye, the irregular ardour of thy heroines, and heroes; by marking the excruciating agonies, and the transitory bliss, of a charming, but delusive passion;---we may grow better men by contemplating these objects; not by surveying the sluggish, and stagnant sacerdotal vices; which have nothing bold, and lively about them, from which we may seize instruction.

O thou, whose posthumous walks are in the mansions of the just;---thou, who, perhaps, art, at present, listening to the strains of MUSÆUS, and of VIRGIL; or offering the tear of pity to the melancholy ghost of DIDO;---throw thy luminous mantle about me, thou fervent and delightful prophet of imagination!--thy mantle, which through the myrtle groves of Elysium, glitters with the purple light of love! Throw thy mantle about me, thou ELIJAH of the christian world!--Give me thy acute, and vigorous understanding;

understanding;---thy glowing and variegated  
fancy;---thy tears of ecstacy, and of rap-  
ture;---give me *these* glorious endowments,  
at *whatever* hazard;---they will be cheaply  
purchased with thy pains!

May's Buildings, St. Martin's Lane,  
Wednesday, May 30th, 1792.

L E T.



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## LETTERS, &c.

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Durham, Sep. 22, 1791.

MY LORD,

I REQUEST your Lordship to accept the Sermons which accompany this letter. If they merit your perusal, and some degree of your approbation, I shall not have written them in vain. Two motives impelled me to write them;---a sense of duty; and an honourable spirit of intellectual experiment, or adventure.---I was resolved to try whether my mind could atchieve any thing laudable, in the most disadvantageous circumstances.---I wrote these sermons, my Lord, in a small cabin, on the main deck of the Leander;---while there was but a thin canvas between me, and continual ribaldry,

baldry, and blasphemy ;---in short, between  
 me, and a most obstreperous maritime war  
 with religion. Even few vigorous minds  
 have been at all successful in such a library.  
 It hath pleased Providence to infuse not a  
 little of the enthusiastick, and romantick,  
 into my constitution ;---a perilous frame, my  
 Lord ;---but I will always give it it's full  
 scope, while it is actuated by virtuous ob-  
 jects; I wish that I had ever been practically  
 tenacious of this theory, when I was sunk  
 to an ignoble depression by the frowns of  
 fortune, and of the world ;---when I grati-  
 fied the caprice of the one, and the malig-  
 nity of the other, by deserting the path to  
 true glory. While I composed the discourses  
 which I now present to your Lordship, I  
 gave a retrospect, with an emulous ambi-  
 tion, to the memories of great men: I imaged  
 to myself CERVANTES exerting genius in a  
 Moorish prison;---and the god-like CATO,  
 calmly and steadily discharging the duties  
 of benevolence, humanity, and friendship,  
 while the myrmidons of CÆSAR were ap-  
 proaching.

If I should timidly, and preposterously apologize, for requesting attention to any of my clerical productions, from my Diocefan, who warmly recommends to men of our profession, a proper use of their intellectual faculties, and who, I am sure, is a lover of literature, I should act inconsistently with my own ideas of propriety; and I should offer injustice to your Lordship's character.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most dutiful Servant,

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

---

Auckland Castle, Sept. 26, 1791.

REV. SIR,

I AM unwilling to delay returning my early thanks for your volume of sermons; though the employment of an ordination Sunday has not allowed me to make much progress in the perusal. The circumstances under which

which they were composed add to their merit, and prove that you possess great powers of abstraction.

I am, Rev. Sir,  
 with much regard,  
 your affectionate friend and brother,  
 S. DUNELM.

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*As soon as my letter to Mr. Granville Sharp, on the infamous, and diabolical SLAVE TRADE was published (it was published in Durham) I sent a copy of it to the Bishop, who was, then in the South of England; with a very respectful letter. As he took no notice either of my printed letter to Mr. Sharp, nor of my written one to himself, I endeavoured to fix his attention to my " Poetical Thoughts, and Views, on " the Banks of the WEAR," (which I likewise sent to him as soon as they were published) by the following letter,—to which he, at length, deigned an answer. It was, surely, very congruous with my profession; it was surely very congruous with my situation, that I should present to my Diocesan*

*fan a poem in which all the honest, and ardent homage was payed to the Divine Author of our religion, and to the Supreme Being, that could be offered to them by a poor mortal. It was still more forcibly consistent with these objects, that I should submit to the perusal of that Prelate, a letter addressed to the FIRST PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN IN THE WORLD; in which, I flatter myself, that with some force of argument, and language, I oppose our infernal traffick in human woe;—a traffick, which is not only at open, and impious war, with every christian precept; but with every natural, and habitual sentiment of justice, and humanity.*

*Indeed, I believe that several of our bishops do not wish for the abolition of the SLAVE TRADE; or dare not express their wishes for it's abolition. Those of the sacred bench who have unequivocally, and strongly declared their abhorrence of it, I honour, and revere. For the coldness, or for the shameful biases of others, one may account, without being a conjuror.—It is  
now*

*now disputed in the House of Lords, in the Upper House of the Legislation of England;—in our Supreme Court (in the court of our last resort) of Equity, and Humanity, whether or no we shall continue, by what many people strangely call, LAW, to enslave, and torment, and murder, an infinite number of the Human Species: after that horrid treatment of them has been proved, by the most numerous, and respectable testimonies. I could trace this conduct higher; and on the foundation of indubitable truth; but I will not insult the sagacity of my countrymen:—nor can I advance farther, from fear;—not from fear of offending power; but of imitating sedition; of being irreverent to myself.*

---

Castle-Eden, Jan. 17, 1792.

MY LORD,

I SENT to you, some time ago, a printed letter, addressed to Mr. Granville Sharp, and written by me, with an honest zeal, in the cause of humanity, and christianity. As  
I have

I have had no intelligence of your Lordship's receipt of that letter, and of one that accompanied it, addressed immediately to yourself, I conclude that they have not reached you.

We ought not, however, to be easily repelled from doing what we think right. Therefore, I now request your acceptance of a poem which I composed about two months ago. In that poem, some honest praise is given to your Lordship. I am well acquainted with your amiable, and liberal character. I have conversed with some of the clergy of the diocese of SALISBURY, who spoke of you in very warm terms of commendation: I have likewise read some of your episcopal pamphlets, in which you show a generous attention to the prosperity of religion; your conduct, hitherto, since you were translated to the See of DURHAM, has been very auspicious to your fame; and your friends assert, that church preferment is to be conferred by *you*, on merit alone. From these premises flowed the poetical tribute which your Lord-

D

ship

ship will soon receive; and I should suppose that it is offered to you, with a particular propriety, by a clergyman of your diocese.

I should have thought myself impertinent, for having thus entered into a kind of analysis of your Lordship's conduct, and character, had I not thought it an act of justice indispensably due to myself, to inform you, why *you* are an object of particular encomium, in the poem, to which I now request the honour of your attention. Poets, I am afraid, have frequently prostituted their eulogy; by such vile prostitution, I will never deliberately, and intentionally, disgrace my glorious province. In truth, no person who attends to the tenour of the preface, and of the poem itself, will imagine that their authour is capable of adulation.

If I was not acquainted with human nature, after all my experience, and sufferings, my understanding, and attention, must be equally contemptible. I know that while  
a man

a man gives proper scope to an independent spirit, in the cause of virtue; while he asserts his literary, or poetical freedom, in the support of pure morality, and religion; he may deeply wound his secular interest;—he may offend his superiours in flattery; men, who are under peculiar obligations to view his laudable endeavours with very different sentiments from those of resentment; but, my Lord, to relinquish, at this time of my life, that ingenuous language which I owe, both to nature, and to habit, would be inconsistent, and pusillanimous in the extreme;—and as I advance towards the confines of the *future* world, it will always give me consolation, and fortitude, to reflect that I have not been a slave to the *present*.

I have the honour to be,  
 My Lord,  
 Your Lordship's most obedient,  
 And most humble Servant,  
 PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.  
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Cavendish Square, Feb. 6, 1792.

REV. SIR,

I MUST plead guilty to the charge of having received your printed letter to Mr. GRANVILLE SHARP; accompanied by a written one to myself. The fact is, they found me engaged in much business, at the moment; I availed myself of the first leisure in my power to read, and then unfortunately misplaced them. I hope the frankness of this confession will atone for my inadvertence.

I have now to thank you for a more recent literary present, and for the good opinion you are disposed to entertain of me; though at the same time you will forgive me for the supposition that the liveliness of your poetical imagination has transported you beyond those bounds which I feel conscious should have been set to your commendation. In other characters you have chosen

sen just subjects for your panegyric; and in the beautiful romantic scenery on the WEAR, excellent topics for your talents for descriptive poetry.

I am,

Reverend Sir,

with much regard,

your affectionate Brother,

S. DUNELM.

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Hungerford Coffee-House, Strand,  
April 27th, 1792.

MY LORD,

I AM informed that Dr. SHARP is dying. The living of HARTBURN, in NORTHUMBERLAND, which is in your Lordship's gift, would make me very happy.—If you would bestow that living (should it be vacant) on *me*, I should endeavour to deserve it, by acting as you would wish;—I hope that by my conduct, I should redress imprudences; refute the accusations, and defeat the industry of envy, and malignity.—In trying, and mortifying situations,

it is almost impossible for a mind of which great sensibility is a leading characteristick, to act, generally, aright, or to have its rectitude approved.—Excuse me for bringing these objects before you; they are not unworthy of your benevolent, and christian consideration.

I have the honour to be,  
 with great respect, My Lord,  
 your Lordship's most obedient,  
 and most humble servant,  
 PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

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*The Bishop's first answer to my application to him for the Living of Hartburn was sent to me by one of his servants, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon of Tuesday the First of May: I answered it immediately. The servant returned expeditiously from Cavendish-Square to the Hungerford-Coffee-House, with the short Decree, which announced to me that the Living of Hartburn was disposed of: to that paper, as the reader will find, I likewise gave an immediate reply.*

*That*

*That morning's intercourse between the Bishop, and me, which I have now specified, passed, within the space of two hours. When the servant first came to me, and when he returned, he told me that he was ordered to wait for my answer.—I am thus particular; because it is more than probable, that by his first Letter, the Bishop insidiously meant to take me off my guard, and to hurry me, in my answer, into some absurdity, or self-contradiction, before he sent an absolute refusal to my request. I question very much that the phlegmatic, wise, and infallible part of the Clergy will acquit me of absurdity, in this transaction.—The consciousness of my sincerity, however, will easily console me for the heaviness of THEIR judgement.*

*I am thus particular;—because I am satisfied, that when the Bishop of Durham told me, that the Living of Hartburn was disposed of, he told me what was not true. Nor do I believe that he has yet given that Living; at the time when I am, now, writing; Friday, June the 1st, 1792.*

Cavendish Square, May 1st, 1792.

REV SIR,

WHEN you applied for the living of HARTBURN, Dr. SHARP was alive; and I could return no answer. He is now, alas! no more.

I felt, I confess, some surprize, and cannot suppress it, at your soliciting more preferment in a county, the severe climate of which you have urged as a plea for non-residence on that which you already possess in it.

I am, Reverend Sir,  
your affectionate brother,  
S. DUNELM.

---

Hungerford-Coffee-House,  
Tuesday, May 1, 1792.

MY LORD,

You honour me much by your epistolary attention:—Your Lordship's servant waits; therefore, I *must* be concise.

However

However inconsistent I may appear, I will be very *ingenuous*. Believe me, the climate of NORTHUMBERLAND has *not* agreed with me; but your Lordship's goodness in bestowing on me the Living of HARTBURN would be so signal, and so noble (especially to *me*, after what I have experienced of mankind) that I would encounter that climate, with pleasure: I should be *affluent*; but what is far better, all my best feelings, and sentiments would be *unspeakably enriched*.—

My nature is extremely susceptible; and I hope, extremely susceptible of gratitude; what a wretch should I be, in my own eyes, if I did not use every exertion, however arduous, as a scholar, and a clergyman, to deserve, in *some* degree, the benevolence, and the approbation of a true spiritual father, who, in his conduct to *me*, had given a very rare and inestimable example of the leading characteristick of our Divine Master! The health of the body too, is wonderfully connected with that of the mind! the idea of the jaundiced eye of malice, made yet  
more

more sickly;—mental mortifications healed; talents, whatever they are, reanimated, and invigorated:—would, in all probability, be attended with very salutary effects.

If I was so fortunate as to obtain the Rectory of HARTBURN, I should conclude that my Livings at LESBURY and LONGHOUGHTON, were to be resigned.

If your Lordship signifies that you would chuse to give me an interview on this occasion, I shall have it in my power to give you more satisfaction on the objects of my health and residence.

I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

your Lordship's most obedient,  
and most humble servant,

P. STOCKDALE.

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*The Bishop's Card.*

THE Bishop of DURHAM acquaints Mr. STOCKDALE that the Living of HARTBURN is disposed of.

*May the 1st.*

Hungerford Coffee-House,  
Tuesday, May 1, 1792.

MY LORD,

YOUR card has informed that the living of HARTBURN is bestowed.---If your Lordship had given it to *me*, I should have endeavoured to deserve it.---After all my painful experience of life, I cannot be *severely* disappointed. My own compassion for unfortunate merit is, perhaps too romantick; and I *must* be conscious that I am in situations unworthy of me; therefore I beg your Lordship's excuse for requests which you may think unreasonable. My consolation is, that this unequal life is transitory;---that when we quit it, it can never hurt us more; that the only perfect being *must* be a *just* one;---and that, therefore, an equitable, and happy state, awaits us.

I flatter myself that your Lordship's goodness will excuse this momentary melancholy.---I doubt not that you have given the living of HARTBURN to a more deserving person than I am.

I have the honour to be, &c.

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

*In the copy of the following letter, which I sent to the bishop, I omitted a small part of it, from my deference to the judgement of a friend. That part was omitted, rather from ideas of taste, than from any other reasons of propriety.---I have a superstitious delicacy for a heart which I love, and for talents which I esteem. His Lordship, and the reader, now have the letter entire.*

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Hungerford-Coffee-House,  
Tuesday May 8, 1792.

MY LORD,

YOUR late letter to me, on the subject of the living of HARTBURN; and your subsequent laconic, or rather, abrupt card, determined me to think, and act, *from, and for, myself*; as every man of spirit ought, at particular emergencies.

The disinterested, but ill-applied, poetical eulogy, which I lately bestowed on your Lordship, and my respectful, and ingenuous answer to your last letter, deserved returns very different from that insidious letter,

ter, and from the little petulant appendix by which it was immediately followed. Do not let the passion of anger agitate you, while you are perusing my strain of honest, and unreserved truth. If an unphilosophical, and unchristian resentment should predominate in your mind, while you read this letter, you will neither do justice to yourself, nor to me. When I consider the very unevangelical prejudices which must corrupt you, from the great inequality of our *accidental* stations;---when I consider the servile, and flattering sycophants by whom men of *your* rank are perpetually surrounded; I must, indeed, expect that this letter will operate, in your frame, at least, for a moment, with a shock of moral electricity. A Bishop of DURHAM, my Lord, is, in *some* respects, in the disadvantageous, and unfortunate situation of a king. All useful information is kept back from his mind: the characters of present, and of absent persons; the character of himself; every respectable, and important fact, are misrepresented to him. Hence, we need not be  
surprized,

surprized, that, to make disagreeable, but salutary discoveries, disgraces an honest courtier, for ever, with a sovereign of the laity. But if your Lordship judges wisely, and like a christian, on this occasion, you will count *me* among your best friends, not amongst your enemies, *for telling you the truth*. You will correct the insolence, and injustice, of the temporal monarch, with the mildness, and integrity, of the apostolical prelate; to your Lordship, I might have said, of the apostolical *Prince*.

I have long suffered obloquy, persecution, and oppression, from a class of men who were obliged by the most solemn, by the most sacred engagements, to be tender to my faults, and generous to my merit. And it betrays no natural jealousy of temper in me, it betrays no consciousness of *unpardonable* guilt, if I conclude, that some of your cowardly Janizaries, in mentioning *me*, have poured, not the balm of GILEAD, as was their duty, but the vapour of the deadly night-shade, into your ear. Hence, I properly vindicate injured, and insulted  
lite,

literature, and abilities ; I laudably endeavour to rouse your Lordship to a magnificent morality, which would be worthy of a Bishop of DURHAM, if I conspicuously display to you your ungenerous treatment of me ; and that selfishness, and malice, which, however speciously varnished with an artificial, and hypocritical decorum, are too prevailing in men of *our* order.

Let not little souls ; souls, which are incapable of manly resolution, and firmness, imagine that this letter is dictated by a wild, and menacing despair : It is the result of my best deliberation, as an individual, and as a friend to the community. After having experienced, for many years, a series of absurd, and impudent outrages, the preposterous effects of mechanical, and sophisticated life, which appeared to *me*, to be, at length, compleated, and, as it were, approved, and crowned by your Lordship, I felt, and I thought, that it was time to appeal, from pageantry, to reality ; to break down the encroaching boundaries of pride, and usurpation ; to approximate *you* to *me*,

as *man to man* ; to assert those eternal relations which were appointed between us ; those eternal obligations which were impressed in us ; by nature, and by her God.

This is the language, this is the conduct, of a moral, and virtuous agent ; not of an undistinguishing, and precipitate desperado. No, my Lord ; I have never suffered despair to invade me, during a long succession of the most trying circumstances ; and I now, hope, that I shall be proof against it, for life. The letter which I am addressing to your Lordship, is, in *my* humble opinion, so far from being symptomatick of that terrible revolution, and anarchy of the mind, that I shall never apprehend that I have sunk to an abyss of the most pusillanimous, and ignominious despondency, till I feel that I dread the hierarchy. Temperance, with the assistance of heaven, will restore, and guard my health ; intellectual perseverance will establish my literary fame ; and I doubt not that I shall yet obtain the unprejudiced, and generous suffrages of my contemporaries ; who will see the gross injustice that has been  
done

done to me by mean, and malevolent critics, and by my spiritual, and *affectionate* brethren.

If, then, my Lord, you wish fairly to estimate the sentiments which I am taking the liberty to communicate to you, and if you aspire to act accordingly, descend from your throne to *my* humble station; to the common level of mankind. Deign to imitate, to emulate, *my* example; let us invert, for once, the order of ecclesiastical arrangement. I have removed, on *my* side, every timorous, and servile impediment to truth; do *you* remove, on *your's*, it's pompous, it's cumbrous obstructions. But, indeed, my Lord, while I am persuading you to adopt that spirit which might make a proper use of this letter, I am contributing, as far as I can, to your elevated translation; I am endeavouring to raise you to a see which is infinitely superiour to that of DURHAM, of CANTERBURY, or of TOLEDO. By a vigorous act of a pious, and orthodox imagination, suppose yourself, for a while, a Preacher of the gospel, who was poorer than myself; suppose yourself

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*the Pastor, and Bishop of our souls; the first, the celestial bishop of the old JERUSALEM; whose accommodations, on earth, were so inferiour to those of the modern figurative, or metaphorical foxes, who are cloathed in purple, and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, that, while the real, or natural Foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, HE had not where to lay his head. While, for a moment, you transfer to yourself the hard fate, you will, probably, appropriate the gentle sentiments, of our Master. You will not only listen to the expostulation of an unpopular, and persecuted disciple, with a patient, and propitious ear; but you will be eager to soothe his sorrows, and to redress his wrongs. You will not, cruelly, throw the first stone at him, which was put into your hand by one of your clerical Blifls, by one of your black slaves; you will not be extreme to mark what was done amifs; for if you were, who, of our bench of bishops, could abide it?*

In your last, and short correspondence with me, you were very disingenuous, and  
very

very rude. In your answer to the letter by which I had applied to you for the living of HARTBURN, it appeared, that you had not promised that living to any person; nor did you reject my application. I replied to that answer in very sincere, and respectful terms; and in an hour after you had sent me your former letter, you bluntly acquainted me that the living of HARTBURN was disposed of. Thus, in that short time, you strengthened hope, by not extinguishing it immediately; and afterwards, but within the same short time, by an unaccountable, and indelicate manœuvre, you tore it, instead of gently withdrawing it, from a feeling breast, which had already suffered too many vicissitudes, and transitions: your *coup de grace* was preceded by an inquisitorial preparative. It will afford me *some* satisfaction, to appeal, from *your* holy office, to the chancery of the world.

I had anticipated from *you*, my Lord, in your episcopal province, the conduct, and the manners of a gentleman; but by some specimens which I have received of you,

both in writing, and in print, I have been considerably disappointed. The younger sons of our nobility are habituated, from their infancy, to splendid life, and to splendid expectations. Hence, though it would be injudicious, and unreasonable, to suppose that they would be eminently endowed with manly virtues, we need not, in general, to apprehend, that, when they have ascended to the summit of their hopes, they will exhibit the awkward freaks of a totally illiberal, and vulgar intoxication. The case is very different with those of our bishops, who, from an humble sphere, and from humble views, mount, *however* gradually, to a station of dignity, and grandeur. Their manners exemplify the depraved tendency of human nature; the strain of their behaviour, and of their conduct, especially to their inferior clergy, is that of clowns inebriated with prosperity.

The characters of those clergymen who are most warmly patronized by men of your Lordship's order, neither do honour to the sentiments, nor to the taste of their protectors.

tors. A selfish, mechanical, obsequious uniformity of conduct, seems to be the leading object of episcopal predilection. The young divines, who may indulge the anticipation of the Elysian fields of rich rectories, and the velvet of prebendal stalls, are the dozing sons of Epicurus; creatures devoted to the gross, and inelegant sensuality of the table, which is allowed them by the world, and which is warranted by the practice of their superiours. Their souls are analogous to their enjoyments; they never give a thought, and, were it possible, yet less, an expressive sigh, to benevolence, or compassion. They are secured from all eccentric action, from any unpopular fallies, by their indolence, and timidity. Auspiciously for their preferment, their minds are impenetrable to the genial influence of APOLLO: They are accurately adapted, by nature, and by discipline, to the SATURNIAN reign of bishops; to the leaden sceptre of the church.

Hard must be the fate of a man of genius, my Lord, in our holy society. If we

even admit that he has no inauspicious concomitants of character, or fortune, he will always be viewed by his heavy brethren, with a jealous, and malignant eye. Undistinguishing as they are, they feel that he has a natural splendour, which eclipses every artificial blaze, and which can, at any time, expand it's brightness, by darting it's rays through the gloom of *their* stupidity. But if this man of genius is, likewise, unfortunate; if he is improvident; if he is imprudent; if he has been guilty of irregularities, to which a true gentleman; an amiable moralist; to which the first, and finest Mind of the creation, were he, now, on earth, would, by no means, be inexorable; his clerical death is determined, if not atchieved;—he is not stabbed by the honest sword of an open enemy, brandished, and glittering, under the noon-tide sun; but by the dagger of some dark, and cowardly assassin; by the stiletto of the conclave.---To speak out of metaphor; his fate is the consequence of a malignant whisper;---of a whisper, which, to use an expression of my admired poet, *is, perhaps, at present, vibrating, in your Lordship's ear.*

From

From the moral distinctions of our dignitaries ; or, rather, from their ignorance of moral distinctions, it cannot, absolutely, be the *faults* of such a man that incur their frowns, and their punishment.—No;—They must endeavour to sink, to annihilate one, who keeps his mind erect, amidst the hostilities of the great ; who prefers the diffusion of important truth to his private interest, and who can enounce it forcibly. His sins might be forgiven him ; but his talents are unpardonable. Of myself I must be permitted to say, that I am humbly sensible of my demerit ; yet I feel sentiments within me (sentiments, not intended by nature, *to die in thinking*) which deserve good fortune. It is my consolation, and my pride, that several of the most estimable, and amiable characters in this metropolis, are, in *some* degree, solicitous for my welfare. I do not expect that this fact will soften priests ; but every ingenuous, every good man, will infer from it, that I should rather be promoted than depressed.

To be very sincere with you, my Lord, I have often observed that *you* who should be our luminaries of religion, totally invert the order of the most important objects, in your moral animadversions, and in your social conduct. You persecute what you should forgive; and you pardon what you should proscribe. The proportion, indeed, of a man's fortune, and of his power, not his manners, is, in *your* estimation, the criterion of his merit. I have, in my eye, a sacred, a rich, and a lazy college, where a poor minor canon must expect to be ruined, for a glaring offence; but where the most notorious, and monstrous impurities, are tolerated, are uncensured, in a prebendary. At DURHAM, you have made an Archdeacon of Dr. PYE; and, I dare say, when you are, there, you are very complaisant to another Archdeacon, to Mr. EGERTON. Good God! what have *I* done, that your Lordship should withhold from *me* your *hyperchristian* benevolence!

If we mean, my Lord, to be imitators of the mild, and merciful JESUS, whose soul  
was,

was, all, tenderness, and benevolence ; even for abandoned profligacy we should always have our proper assistance, ready to act ; we should always have our tear of sympathy, ready to rush into the eye.—But if we meet with a mind, susceptible, and amiable, by nature ; brought, perhaps, into difficulties, and distresses, by the warmth of passion, and by unfortunate connexions ;—yet exerting it's best powers, in the most discouraging circumstances, on the most important objects ; and never losing sight of, as never dead to the practice of virtue, our first good ;—if we do not use our utmost efforts, my Lord, to relieve, to elevate, to invigorate, *such* a mind, we are, ourselves, capital offenders against Heaven ; and we betray a miserable ignorance of what is due to the human constitution. If we do not act in *such* a manner, in *such* instances, how dare we presume to preach the doctrine, or to cite the example of our Lord, and Saviour ; who ate, and drank, affably, and familiarly, with publicans, and sinners ; who dismissed the woman taken in adultery, with a gentle, and affectionate reproof ; who prayed, with his  
 expiring

expiring breath, for his inflexible murderers; and who assured the penitent thief upon the cross, that he should be with him, in Paradise?

A bishop of DURHAM, on account of his high station, and great power, should feel it incumbent on him to adopt the most liberal sentiments, and the noblest conduct. What various, and effectual good might flow from the revenues of that see, if they were thrown into extensive, and vigorous action, by one who had a large heart, and was animated by the spirit of the gospel! He would spurn the cold, and beaten routine in which his predecessors walked. His charity would astonish its objects; his generosity, and attention to literary excellence, would mortify vulgar pride. To this expansion, to this sublimity of conduct, *you* are, distinctly, *you* are emphatically called by that Providence who hath raised you to your elevated station. *God* requires of you; *mankind* have a right to require of you, not that mechanical, and paltry action, which is the result of un aspiring, and ignoble precedent;

cedent; but those unborrowed, spontaneous, vigorous, and benign deeds, which flow from generous principles, from ardent sentiments, from a secondary inspiration. Small objects are seen with a paternal eye, by Heaven, which escape the supercilious view of man. If a sparrow falls not to the ground, without the notice of the Deity, may not *I* urge my humble claim to your Lordship's attention? May not I intreat you, once more, to *cast my lot in a fair ground*, that the best energies of my mind may have their natural, and elastick play? And if you are blind to my injuries; if you are deaf to my remonstrances; if you turn a fastidious ear to a noble ambition; whether is arrogance to be imputed to *you*, or *me*?

But we cannot entertain very sanguine hopes that we shall prevail with men to *act well*, who do not seem to be at all acquainted with the extent of *doing ill*. If they neglect a person whom they ought to befriend, or if they treat his application to them with contempt, they fancy that they are perfectly innocent,

innocent, that they are altogether unaccountable to the sufferer. But this negative determination operates very positively, in it's tendency, and effects. You counteract by it, as far as you are able, the moral œconomy of the Divine Being, who gave you power to do good to an unfortunate person; and you are, therefore, probably, the cause of many future evils which may befall him. True virtue, and true religion, produce an attentive, an active, an indefatigable benevolence. But they who should be the burning, and shining lights of our church, whether from ignorance, or from obduracy, pay no regard, in their practice, to this incontrovertible proposition. So infatuated is their sense of right, and wrong, that, at pressing junctures, which call for peculiar spirit, and activity, they stand, torpidly, still; with *them*, to *do well*, is, to *do nothing*. At such emergencies, as through the common tenour of their lives, their religion is Quietism; their morality is Discretion.

This large trust of beneficence, my Lord,  
is reposed in you, while you are descending,  
fast,

fast, in the vale of years. *The night, in which no man can work*, is approaching to you, and me. For *my* part, I am determined to lose no time; I am determined to be assiduous, and indefatigable, in my arduous, and honourable province. From my humble cell I shall hope to send forth, from time to time, intellectual productions, which may be of *some* service to elegant literature, and to more important, and venerable truth. *Your* duty, my Lord, though extremely momentous, is easier than mine; and if a Bishop may be lawfully impelled by vanity, it will, at least, in the immediate act, make a more conspicuous display. After you have properly chosen your objects (a very easy choice, if your heart is good) you have only, from your palaces of luxury, and splendour, *to be ready to distribute, willing to communicate.*

If it is ever in my power to publish my writings, collected, and in a proper form, I doubt not that my cotemporaries, and posterity, will feel a generous resentment, when they know that my literary exertions,  
in

in the cause of Christianity, were totally disregarded by those whose immediate duty it was, to observe, and to reward, them; and that I might have been doomed, for life, to the most mortifying circumstances, if my theological compositions had not been honoured with the attention of a noble lay-patron, whose name will be co-eval with the future annals of ENGLAND; and I trust, that when illiberal criticks, when more illiberal prejudices are dead; when my hard fate is terminated, with my life, it will suffer no discredit by being mentioned in *my* page.

Among the many instances of the admirable moral œconomy, of the just judgements of the Supreme Being, even in *this* world, we may observe, that one consequence of the possession of enormous wealth, and power, is, that it frequently brings a deep lethargy, or a stunning torpor on the understanding. That our rapacious land-holders, that our haughty SANHEDRIM, are not more alarmed than they really *are*, at this crisis, is a striking mark of this almost unaccountable

able stupefaction. I will not pay them so great, nor so erroneous a compliment, as to imagine that this insensibility proceeds from the dangerous security of an intrepid mind; from that security which has proved fatal to the illustrious King of SWEDEN. It is but reasonable to attribute it (and the conclusion is peculiarly applicable to the nature, and habitudes of a bishop) rather to a slowness of penetration, which even their tottering interest cannot accelerate, than to that courage of which they are destitute, and which, fortunately for *them*, is not required in a priest. Is *this*, my Lord, a time, in which you should despise, or affect to despise, the honest, and zealous advocates for the church of ENGLAND?—those men, who in defending it, can be influenced by no motives but those of conscience, and honour?—those men, who sincerely admire, and venerate our sacred establishment, whatever may be their opinion of our modern ecclesiasticks? A clergyman who writes with any accuracy, and spirit, in defence of the legal constitution of our church, implicitly, my Lord, defends the large revenues

nues of the See of DURHAM; to which a demolition is threatened by the *Paines*, and the *Priestleys* of our times; those rustick, and insolent invaders of all order, and decorum, civil, and religious. God forbid that we should ever see, in *our* island, the anarchy which prevails on the continent; the political wreck which, at present, deforms the kingdom of FRANCE. I am far from thinking that we need no reform, at home: we need very much amendment; and it might be effected, purely by strengthening, without, at all, injuring the constitution. Among other publick improvements, I heartily wish for abridgement to the finances of some bishops, and humility to their minds. If the state should suffer an absolute convulsion, which Heaven avert, that event will not have been unprovoked. After such a catastrophe, our bishops, my Lord, might, in *one* respect, be raised to a resemblance of the apostles. I am impatient to solve my paradox; they might *have all things in common*. We cannot imagine a primitive situation that would give them more pain; for it would be equally distressful to avarice,  
and

and to pride. But I would rather wish to see you persuaded into a primitive use of your wealth, and power, than compelled into their abolition. I have the honour to be,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

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*During our correspondence, it, one day, came into my mind, that, by an interview with the bishop, I might possibly prevail with him to befriend me, and, consequently, to prevent an explanation which would, in some degree, be disagreeable to us both.*

*While this thought impressed me, I sent him the following short letter :—the reader will see that he promised me a conditional interview ;—which I thought it proper, as will likewise be seen, to refuse.*

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MY LORD,

I HATE intrusion ; and as your Lordship seems not at all disposed, by *one* truly noble, and Christian act, to establish my fortune, my life ;—my reputation, as an author, and a clergyman, you may be as-

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fured

fured that I do not eagerly ask an inferiour favour. The juncture is, however, to *my* feelings, very important; whatever impression it may have made on your Lordship. On account of this importance, I request a short interview with you, at what hour you shall be pleased to appoint, on Monday morning. From my ecclesiastical situation, I will not suppose that *this* letter is written in vain: what would be equity to me, as a writer, I am afraid, you dispute; my clerical ground you have, undoubtedly, ascertained.—Permit me to add, that the interview which I ask, is not altogether indifferent to *you*. I am,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient Servant,

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

Hungerford-Coffee-House,

Saturday morning, May 19, 1792.

Cavendish Square, May 19, 1792.

The Bishop of DURHAM presents compliments to Mr. STOCKDALE, and will see him on Monday morning at eleven o'clock, provided he can prevail on Mr. JERNING-

HAM to be present at the interview. Otherwise he begs to be excused.

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Hungerford Coffee-house,  
Monday Morning, May 21, 1792.

MY LORD,

ON Saturday afternoon I received your card, in answer to a short letter in which I had requested an interview with you.—I never met with so much unpoliteness as in my intercourse with bishops; therefore, as I hope, I am not a mean-spirited man, I can have no particular desire to converse with them. My friend, Mr. JERNINGHAM, gave me some account of what had passed between him, and your Lordship, concerning *me*;—I had only thought of waiting on you, in consequence of my interview with *him*: it seemed to me possible, and, indeed, but barely possible (ungenerously impressed as you were, against me) to remove some objections to my preferment in the North, which you had mentioned to that gentleman. I flattered myself, in *some* degree, that the humble eloquence, and pathos of nature, and of truth, might operate equally in favour of *my* honest interest, and of *your*

true dignity of action. With an amiable credulity, and with a disinterested heart, (which now, therefore, feels itself extremely aggrieved) I have given your Lordship unmerited encomiums; therefore I am not disposed, at present, to pay you one unnecessary compliment: yet I am satisfied that if your mind had been left to its own impulse, and determination, your late treatment of me would have been different from what it *has* been; and you would not have *insulted* me with your last card. I know that you are influenced against me; that you take the tone of your conduct toward me, from selfish, timorous, despicable advisers;—from men, whose insolence rises in exact proportion with their good fortune; and who thence infer that every other man will be affected in the same manner. For *my* part, I am proudest, when I am most oppressed; and I verily believe that if I was a bishop, I should be the most extraordinary phenomenon that the world ever saw; I should be, all, humility.—To hold this language to *you*, and to your cabinet-council, is, to descant to a person born blind, on the  
beauties

beauties of the rain-bow. I am, at length, certain, that your Lordship's *kindness* will not teach me to be humble.

Your card of Saturday informs me that you will see me, this morning, if I can prevail with Mr. JERNINGHAM to be present at the interview. Mr. JERNINGHAM is my sincere friend, therefore he would certainly have done me that small favour. But though I do not like to cavil, to except against trifles; I will submit to an interview with no man, who so far forgets the gentleman in himself, as to imagine that *I* am not a gentleman:—I will not *see you*, my Lord, nor any potentate upon earth, on *your* terms; for they evidently imply, that you think me capable of misrepresenting the conversation that might pass between us. Indeed, I should be afraid for myself; I should apprehend it was possible that I *might* be a traitor to that confidence which is, every day reposed in us, in social life, if I was mean enough to accept your offer of an interview, on *your* condition:—you, and your casuists, my Lord, have a very poor acquaintance with human

nature :—between understanding, and sentiment, there is an intimate connexion ; the energetick action of the heart expands, and exalts, it's weak pulsation shrivels, and debases the mind. Our species, I acknowledge, are various, and deceitful ; yet they are not without their decisive characteristics. An enlightened, and liberal judge of mankind, would never suspect, that a man in *my* situation, who, at a trying juncture, wrote to a prelate with a spirit of absolute independence, could give a false, and treacherous account of a private conversation : such a man may have his faults, his vices, if you please ; but they will be the vices of an open and ardent constitution ; the vice which *you* most ungenerously suspect that he may commit, he leaves to the reptiles who creep about your Lordship ; to clerical sycophants, and detractors.

I was visiting Mr. JERNINGHAM, when the wish arose in my mind, of waiting on your Lordship. That gentleman can assure you that I likewise expressed a wish, that *he* might be present during our conversation ;  
but

but he apprehended that his compliance with that request would be intrusive on your Lordship. I thought that he, as a friendly auxiliary, might give strength to *my* weak endeavours in my own cause. I have been so far from prevailing with him to be present at an interview between your Lordship and me, that I have not spoken to him, nor seen him, since I received your card. But my own proposal to him that he should accompany me to your Lordship, proves, that you have done me a gross injury, in suspecting that I could, with the blackest turpitude, abuse the interview. From *my* motives, I should have been proud to have had Mr. JERNINGHAM of the party;—from *yours*, I reject your proposal, with a proper disdain. Suppose, for a moment, my Lord, that *I* stand, at *this* time, on *your* ground, and *you* on mine: would you not think me very ungenerous, very unjust, if *my* breast endured such a mean suspicion of *you*, as *your's* has, undoubtedly, harboured, of *me*? But what says the golden, and well-known maxim of our practical religion?—"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto *you*,

“do ye even so unto *them*: &c.” It is melancholy to reflect that it is often so necessary to remind our spiritual superiours of those practical rules of Christianity, which, if reduced to practice, would make a paradise of this miserable world.

A word, or two more, in support of my drooping interest with your Lordship.—If you had bestowed on me the living of HARTBURN, I should have made that village the place of my principal residence; I should have been assiduous to discharge the duties of a parish-priest, which I must tell you, have been dear to my heart. I can sacrifice much, I can risk much, from gratitude, even health itself. Ask the most respectable inhabitants of my two parishes; ask Mr. BURDON, who was kind enough to make some inquiries concerning me, when he passed through LESBURY, how I discharged my duty, as a minister, while I resided in NORTHUMBERLAND. If St. PAUL gloried in his Christian achievements, when he was vilified, and oppressed by the Pharisees, of *his* day, permit *me*, my Lord,

to

to bring my laudable deeds to your Lordship's eye, and to public view, while I am suffering all that *modern* persecution dares to inflict on me. When I took my leave of the village of LESBURY, I passed through a lane that was formed by the poor, who pressed my hand with all the ardour of affection; and repayed my attention to them with an inestimable recompence; with their tears. My dear friend, Mr. CHARLES GREY of MORRICK, near WARKWORTH, was a witness to this interesting scene. After the recital of this fact, will any cringing favourite of a bishop; will any dignitary of our church, presume to asperse me, presume to censure me, as a minister of Christ? —I find that *you*, my Lord, in conferring your favours, are circumspect, prudent, conscientious, beyond example; but *sinner* that I am, did you ever hear that any *saint*, whom *you* collated to a rich benefice, enjoyed *my* parochial honours, my luxury of woe?

I have not come to LONDON, my Lord, to indulge myself in idleness, and dissipation;  
but

but to actuate, enlarge, and improve my mind. For these purposes, it is necessary to be, sometimes, in the capital;—and while *they* are my leading objects, instead of criticizing my abode, here, you should have made it easy, and in every way, eligible to me. You lay a peculiar stress on *my* residence; but my *non*-residence is a poor pretext for your withholding of your patronage from me. Other clergymen of your diocese, do not reside, and never *will* reside, on their livings; beings who have no significance but that which they derive from their profession. Mr. DUTEMS, who has one of the best livings in NORTHUMBÉRLAND, never resides at ELSDEN;—yet I do not hear that you are particularly offended with *his* non-residence:—I should be glad to know what pretensions *he* has, to any exception, to any particular exemption, in his favour:—have the bishops of *our* times any reason to be partial to Frenchmen?

This letter will be accompanied by another, which I wrote on Wednesday, before I thought of requesting an interview with  
you,

you, and after I had justly apprehended that you would unpolitely, and absurdly, neglect my long letter to you;—that letter will be printed more amply than as *you* received it;—though your Lordship already knows me so well, that I am sure you yourself will allow that I kept not a particle of it in reserve, from duplicity, or fear.

If you, my Lord, and the publick, should think that I have assumed a remarkably high tone, in *my* part of the correspondence with which you have honoured me, I beg that you may do me the justice to ascribe the elevation of my sentiments, and language, not to my private, and personal pride, and resentment; but to my ardent and glorious attachment to a great common cause. I yet expect, before I die, to break through the mist with which envy, and malignity have long obscured me, and to shine with the lustre of a true poet. Sordid souls, as I have observed, sink to the lowest servility by distress; and *that* haughtiness is rather to be admired than pardoned, with which ingenuous minds repel the insolence, and oppression of the world.

world. In my epistolary intercourse with *you*, my Lord, I soon found, and I hope, I properly *felt*, that there was a kind of contest between genius, and power; between some of the finest laws of nature, and the contemptible caprice of fortune.---Therefore I considered what was due to the dignity of the poetical character; and I have acted accordingly: of that character I shall be as jealously tenacious (especially while I am extremely unfortunate) as POPE was, when he had an OXFORD, and a BOLINGBROKE at his devotion; and when he refused an interview that was offered him by a Prince. I contemplate the beatified spirit of that immortal man, and the shades of MILTON, of DRYDEN, and of YOUNG, with rapture;---and I act to *you*, as I ought;---look up my Lord, to heaven; look up to a SANDERSON, a STILLINGFLEET, and a SHARP; and *you* will act with propriety, to *me*.

I am, my Lord,  
 your Lordship's  
 most obedient servant,  
 PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

N. B. My ultimate resolution is invariably formed; therefore I desire you, I *intreat* you, my Lord, to despise wretched advice, and to act generously, on this occasion.

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*The following letter was written, but not sent, before I requested an interview with the bishop; before I thought of requesting one. I sent it inclosed in the letter, that now immediately precedes it; in that of the 21<sup>st</sup> of May; after which, therefore, it is, here printed, though it is of a later date; and it is the last letter of this collection.*

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Hungerford-Coffee-House,  
Wednesday, May 16, 1792.

MY LORD,

I THOUGHT it possible that, by this time, you might have made some return to the letter, which I delivered at your door, to your servant, on Monday morning. That I have had no kind of intelligence from you, in consequence of that letter, I do not wonder;

der; therefore I am not disappointed. But I have no doubt that *you* were astonished at perusing it, and that it gave you a very strong disgust against it's authour. It is easy to account for your Lordship's surprize, and for *my* calm anticipation of your silence. Even men with cultivated, and elegant minds, too rarely show that spirit, and frankness, which they always ought to exert against artificial greatness, when it has been meanly inferred from their bad fortune that they might be treated ill; therefore my last letter was, probably, an entire novelty to your Lordship. If I had been fortunate, and popular, by a line, or two, I should have gained my object; or, in other words, if, from the adversity of my situation, I had not needed your generous decision in my favour, I might have expected, as a man conversant with the world, and with human nature, that you would, cheerfully, and politely, have granted my request. Without boasting uncommon penetration, I saw the great probability of your present silence. ---It flows from the nature of the case operating upon your Lordship's nature.---Embarrassment

rassment keeps you suspended between right and wrong: and as original sin adheres to to the best of us, that species of pride, which is sometimes evident, even in a bishop, may tend to incline you wrong;---if you had possessed the pride of a CÆSAR, or a SCIPIO, those great Pagans, you would, in the question, which yet subsists between you and me, have, in a moment, determined right.

After all that I have written to you, I should not have troubled your Lordship with another letter, if I had not thought it incumbent on me, as a gentleman, explicitly to communicate to you my resolution, before I give it effect; as it is, *yet*, in *your* power, to stop it's progress, and completion. If you take no notice of this letter, I shall immediately publish to the world our whole correspondence, with a preface that shall contain some pertinent remarks, and illustrations.

As, in this publication, I shall neither be actuated by vanity, nor resentment; but by  
what

what I think a necessary justice to myself, I shall commit our letters to the press, not without reluctance. My appeal, therefore, to the sentiments of the unprejudiced, and ingenuous part of mankind, will *fairly* be imputed, not to the irritated, and vindictive spirit of *one* man; but to the cold, and inflexible mind of *another*.

We shall both have our partizans, my Lord, in this conflict. I sometimes regret, that, by a long experience, I am so well acquainted with the human heart; but your Lordship will, undoubtedly, have numbers, infinitely, on your side. For all those will condemn *me*, who acknowledge no merit but success; no reprehensible quality, which is not the companion of adversity. These judges will very severely, very clamorously censure, my free, though proper expostulations with your Lordship; fortified, and adorned as you are, with riches, with rank, and with power;---the expostulations of one, who is often obliged to retire from a tumultuous, and oppressive world, into himself, for his resources, and his defence. But the  
1
justice

justice of his cause will be strenuously, and gloriously maintained by those who despise the tinsel, and the glare of life; whose judgements are refined, and exalted by sensibility; who, frequently attend him to his retreat; a retreat which they embalm with the sigh, and consecrate with the tear of sympathy, and consolation. *You* will have, under your banner, my Lord, an undisciplined, and effeminate host; the slavish army of the Persian monarch;---a little compact, uncorrupted, and intrepid body of troops will take the field, under *my* standard; the flower of GREECE; the *Argyraspides* of ALEXANDER.

I have the honour to be,  
 my Lord,  
 your Lordship's most obedient,  
 and most humble servant,  
 PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

N. B. LADIES, LORDS, and GENTLEMEN,

I AM not such a novice to the world as not to know that I, with my profession, and in *my* circumstances, risk the utmost asperity

G rity

rity of your censure, for writing, and publishing these letters.---But when I assure you, that I am ambitious of your approbation, I am certain that you will believe me. Therefore, if it had so happened, that I had been a lay-gentleman (but the supposition will be still stronger, in my favour, if I had been a lay-lord) with a fortune of ten thousand pounds a-year ; and if I had written to a bishop, from *any* provocation, or from *no* provocation, in a strain similar to that by which this pamphlet is animated; be candid enough to consider, that, in *that* case, it is very possible, nay, it is very probable, that you would all have thought me a very clever, spirited, fine fellow.---But be so candid, likewise, as to consider, that we have often no real, moral right, to determine the nature, and character of human actions, from their concomitant externals ; and that in *my* present conduct, the common, and ungenerous mode of decision, should be inverted. For if, in pursuing it, I had been the *affluent* gentleman, or the nobleman whom I have imagined, I should have fought, in perfect security, behind a rampart of gold;  
1 —but

—but situated, and circumstanced, as I *am*,  
I have taken the field, and I hope, I have  
maintained it, with some alacrity, with an  
honest, and manly trust in my own prowess;  
—therefore I wish, on a nobler foundation,  
for your support, and applause.

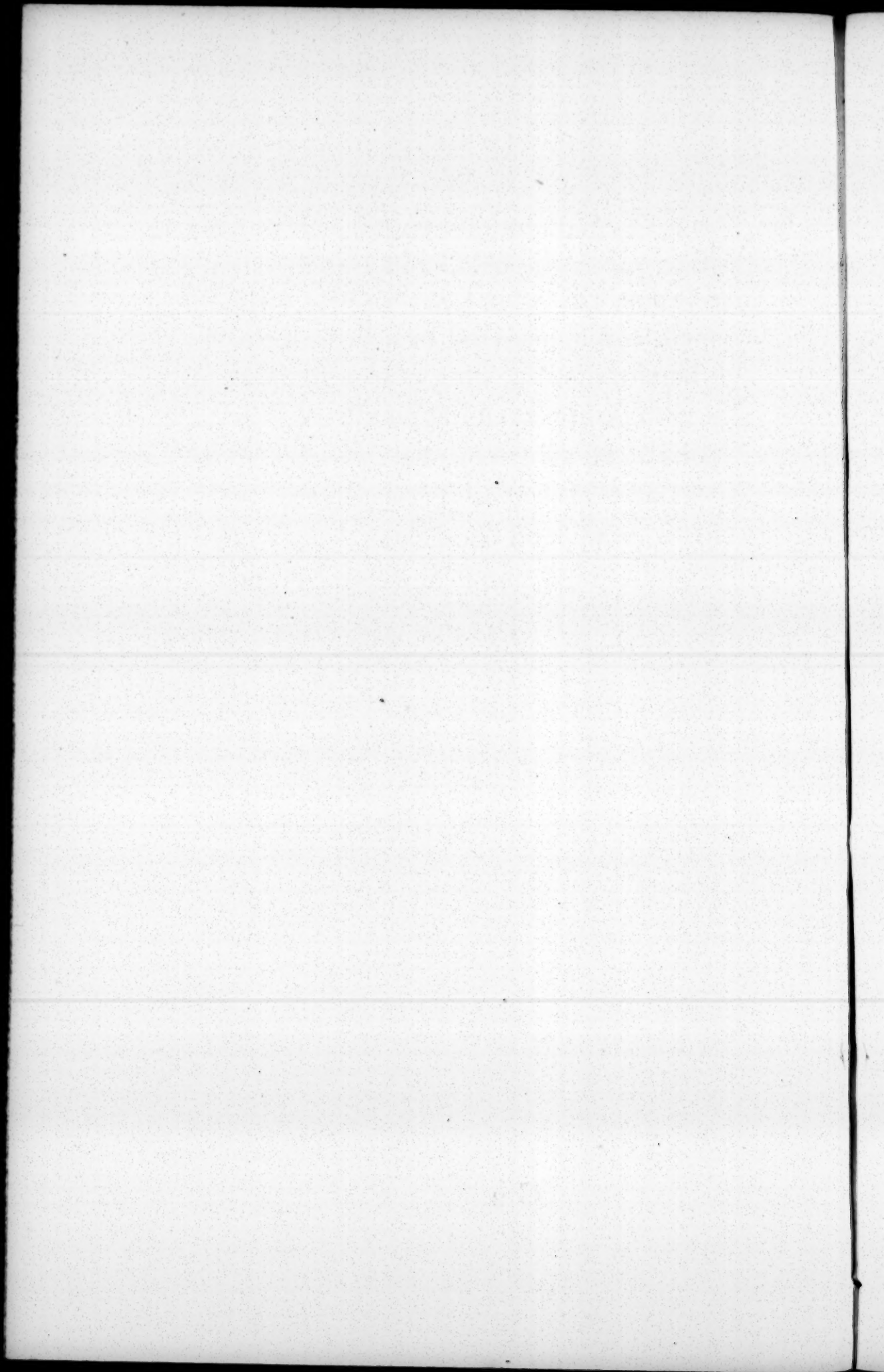
I have the honour to be,

Ladies, Lords, and Gentlemen,

your most obedient,

and most devoted servant,

PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.



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A P P E N D I X.

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AN Extract from a Poem entitled, "Poetical Thoughts,  
"and Views, on the Banks of the WEAR." Who-  
ever reads that Poem, and the Prefaces prefixed to it, may  
charge me with hasty, and inadvertent praise; but he will  
acquit me of insincerity, and adulation.

NOR, in his daring fallies for renown,  
*Here*, [at DURHAM] will the bard expect the church's  
frown;  
If he hath, still, been dangerously sincere,  
What, now, to *him*, is earthly hope, or fear!  
"He, in a Bishop, too, desert can spy,"  
Nor prejudice, nor flattery, taints *his* eye;  
But in seditious times, he's proud to feel  
An honest ardour for our common weal;  
While real wolves, pretended saints, assail,  
With vulgar virulence, our sacred pale.

Hence,

Hence, in bright vision, to the muse is shown  
A candid glory, circling DURHAM's \* throne ;

Hence

\* I read, a few days ago, PLUTARCH's treatise on the Greek monosyllable EI, which was inscribed on the front of the temple of APOLLO, at DELPHI. The very first passage of that treatise reminded me of my poetical tribute to the bishop of DURHAM. The passage is a remarkable one ; and, therefore, I beg leave to quote it.

Στιχιδίοις τισιν, ἢ φαυλῶς ἔχουσιν, ἢ φιλεῖ Σαραπίων, εὐετυχόν πρῶτον,  
ἃ Δικαιοεργός Ευριπίδην οἶσται πρὸς Ἀρχιλαόν ἐπιτεῖν.

Οὐ βουλομαι πλουτοῦντι δωρεῖσθαι πένης,  
Μη μ' ἀφρονα κρείνης, ἢ διδοῦς αἰτεῖν δοκῶ.

χαρίζεται μὲν γὰρ οὐδὲν ὁ διδοὺς ἀπ' ὀλίγων μικρὰ τοῖς πολλὰ κερτήμε-  
νοις· ἀπιστοῦμενος δὲ ἀντι μὴδενος δίδοναι, κακοηθείας, καὶ ἀνιλευθερίας  
προσλαμβάνει δοξάν. ἀρὰ δὴ ὅσον εὐθυερίοτητι καὶ καλλίᾳ τὰ χρημα-  
τικά δῶρα λειπεται τῶν ἀπο λόγου, καὶ σοφίας, καὶ δίδοναι καλὸν ἐστίν,  
καὶ δίδοντας ἀνταπτεῖν ὅμοια πέρα τῶν λαμβανόντων. Ἐγὼ γοῦν, πρὸς σε,  
καὶ διὰ σε, τοῖς αὐτοῖσι φίλοις, τῶν Πυθικῶν λόγων ἐνιους, ὥσπερ ἀπαρ-  
χας, ἀποσέλλων, ὁμολογῶ προσδοκᾶν ἑτέρους, καὶ πλειονάς, καὶ βελτιο-  
νίας, παρ' ὑμῶν, ἅτε δὴ καὶ πολὺν χρόνον μέγαλη, καὶ σχολῆς μαλ-  
λόν ἐν βιβλίοις πολλοῖς, καὶ παντοδαπαῖς διατριβαῖς εὐποροῦντων.

As it was a custom with Colonel Barre, when *he* quoted modern foreigners, in the House of Commons, very considerately, and politely, to translate the French passage, or maxim, or anecdote, for the benefit of the country-gentlemen ; I am sure that many of our clerical gentlemen, both in town, and country, will not think *me* impertinent, if I translate my old Greek quotation, for *their* ease, and satisfaction.

" I lately

Hence is the proud for BARRINGTON to claim  
A place distinguished in the roll of fame;

Nor

“ I lately read some good verses, my friend SARAPIO, which, as  
“ DICÆARCHUS supposes, were addressed by EURIPIDES to AR-  
“ CHELAUS. In those verses are the following lines :

“ As honour never crowns a poor man's gift,  
“ I'll not presume to offer aught to thee.  
“ The charge of folly, or of selfishness  
“ I'll equally avoid; my trifling present,  
“ Acute malignity would soon discover,  
“ Requested, tacitly, some large return.

“ For, in truth, a small present to a person of great affluence, from a  
“ very limited store, will not be very persuasive, to conciliate esteem,  
“ and gratitude. As it will not be believed, that the gift was disin-  
“ terested, the giver will incur the censure of illiberality, and deprav-  
“ ity of mind. But as all the treasures of pecuniary wealth are in-  
“ finitely excelled by the rich endowments of reason, and wisdom, it is  
“ glorious to make presents from *these* noble possessions; it is glorious  
“ to expect, or to demand, the equivalent of those presents, in return.  
“ I, therefore, send to *you*, and, consequently, to your learned friends,  
“ my sentiments on a PYTHIAN mystery ;---an humble offering, for  
“ which, I own, I expect to be requited with much valuable infor-  
“ mation; as you are inhabitants of a great city; and as you have  
“ that leisure which *I* want, to pursue your studies, and to enjoy phi-  
“ losophical conversation.”

I apprehend that the bishop was impressed with all those unfavourable ideas of a poetical gift, which are expressed in my passage from PLUTARCH. He seems to have suspected that the tribute which I paid to him was dictated by some selfish motive; and he seems to have valued it as other poetry will always be estimated by those who have no taste for productions of the understanding, and imagination.

If

Not timorously ashamed to bid her lays  
 Flow in just unison with publick praise;  
 So shall he reach, if but inspired she sings,  
 A height sublimer than the choice of kings.

You, but a few, I hope, with fullen phlegm,  
 Who the gay lives of young divines condemn;  
 Who, in the church of Christ exalted high,  
 Ne'er view his deeds with emulation's eye;  
 Who, from fine sensibility of heart,  
 Require the Dutchman's coarse, mechanick part;  
 If through *your* acts as mean a tenour runs  
 As operas, and perfumes, as hounds, and guns;  
 My verse with temper evangelick hear;  
 Turn, for a moment, the fastidious ear

If I was totally insensible to my interest, I should be a fool; but the spirit, and tendency of all my dedications, of all my writings;—of the poem from which I have taken these extracts, and of the two prefaces to that poem;—the contents of this pamphlet, too, will convince every liberal reader that I am incapable of mean adulation; that I expected not, as I do not, now, expect a substantial favour from any of my superiours in the church; and that, therefore, the honourable poetical mention which I have made of the Bishop of DURHAM, was the pure offering of an honest, and independent mind. I am even more disinterested than the sage, and amiable PLUTARCH. We are authorized by his opinion, and by his example, to expect, to require literary retributions for our literary communications: *He* avowed his expectation of such requitals, to his learned cotemporaries, and correspondents. But I declare, that, when, in my capacity of an author, I made some little presents to the Bishop of DURHAM, I had not the faintest hope of any returns, from his Lordship, of a similar kind, in verse, or prose.

(While,

(While, in religion's cause, my fancy flows)  
From slaves who lull you with their sleepy prose.

Would you employ a salutary power?  
Survey yourselves;—your GOD;—in silent hour,  
Humbly look down on despicable pride;  
Nobly look up to our celestial guide;  
Healer Divine of body, and of mind;  
The Lord, and yet the friend, of human kind;  
Whose penetration “knew what was in man;”  
Hence, he was lenient our defects to scan;  
Attentive, hence, our blooming hopes to guard;  
To give our merit more than it's reward:  
To guilt HE deigned, averse from frown severe,  
His heavenly comfort, and his heavenly tear.

Perhaps these verses might advantage bear  
To some who sit enthroned in MOSES' chair;  
If holy wealth would generously refine,  
Nor spurn the doctrine of a poor divine.

But would you (as ITHURIEL,\* with his spear,  
Struck the dire toad, at EVE's invaded ear)  
Probe, with your searching pen, the mind's disease,  
The sickly frame salubrious truths displease,  
Howe'er adorn'd, from fancy's moral store;  
For “touch” but guilt, “no minister so fore.”

But should my liberal strain no manners mend,  
Our worthy prelate it should ne'er offend;

\* See Paradise Lost, B. IV. L. 310.

In adamantinè panoply, *his* breast,  
 From wholesome fatigue feels perpetual rest :  
 For, sure, omniscient Heaven the life approves  
 Of him, whom LANSDOWNE hates, and VIRTUE loves.

---

An Extract from my "Poetical Thoughts, and Views,  
 "on the Banks of the WEAR," which closes the Poem.

MAKER of heaven, and earth ! of human kind !  
 Of universe the parent, source of MIND !  
 Hence, may my age expunge the faults of youth,  
 Devoted firmly to the cause of truth !  
 Not to those truths, alone, which lead to fame ;  
 To write strong verse ; to argue ; to declaim ;  
 But to that truth, by which, in life, we show  
 Thy beauteous moral government, below :  
 That government, by whose benign controul,  
 We keep the body subject to the soul ;  
 Beneath whose power, our happiness is wrought,  
 By virtuous action, and exalted thought.

May I, by temperance, live exempt from pain,  
 And health, vivacity, and glory gain ;  
 And while the muse's pure, ethereal ray  
 My night illumines, and adorns my day ;  
 And while the social hour propitious blends  
 A few select, and literary friends ;

Or,

Or, by the influence of the virtuous fair,  
 Breathes through my verses a diviner air;  
 Content shall soothe me, should no titled dame  
 Pronounce me foremost in the lists of fame;  
 Should no factitious bliss my life beguile;  
 The splendid circle, and the courtly smile.

\* \* \* \* \*  
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 \* \* \* \* \*  
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Unvexed with envy, let me still behold  
 All the delusive magick wrought by gold;  
 It's baubles rattle, and it's tinsel shine;  
 While nature's amphitheatre is mine.

Oft, in a vernal morn, with early dawn,  
 Let my steps brush the dew-drops from the lawn;  
 See Sol's majestic orb, with orient ray,  
 Rise, mount, and flame, and dart more vigorous day.  
 The little, active lark, inhales his fire,  
 It's note preluding nature's grateful choir;  
 Melodious warblers carol all around;  
 An ancient forest multiplies the sound;  
 With stronger flush the red carnation blows;  
 A livelier tint adorns each opening rose;  
 With glowing colours fragrant odours vie;  
 Creation wafts it's incense to the sky!

When

When the day's ardour, with it's toil, is o'er,  
 The sun descending to the western shoar;  
 When fight, uninjured, meets his gentle rays,  
 \* "Shorne of their" fiercer "beams," of noon-tide blaze;  
 When with his calmer fires the mind is blest,  
 And sinks, in pleasing sympathy, to rest;  
 When deeper shades dismiss the parting day;  
 Let *me* the majesty of night survey.

See from the East, the placid, "peerless Queen"  
 Emerging, bids us read the solemn scene!  
 Hail, heavenly monitor, refulgent moon!  
 To *me* still dearer than the god of noon!  
 Higher and higher, now, behold her rise,  
 And silver all the azure of the skies;  
 The sweet enthusiast says, or seems to say  
 (She shoots an argument in every ray)  
 Can I, oh! man, can all our system shine,  
 And move harmonious, but by power Divine!  
 In the rapt soul her eloquence we feel;  
 While silence listens to her fair appeal!

Celestial apparatus! While the muse  
 Your dread magnificence, your beauty views;  
 How even shall candour soften my disdain  
 Of trifles which attract the thoughtless train!  
 Must I not villas, palaces, despise,  
 That charm, and sicken, vulgar, envious eyes!  
 Yes, all these childish toys of tortured art,  
 "Play round the head, but ne'er affect the heart;"

\* "Shorne of his Beams," is an expression of MILTON.

A SANDEY'S,

A \* SANDBY's, and a BROWN's ingenious plan,  
 Direct my thoughts to terminate in man:  
 While Phœbe, sailing in her orient car;  
 The strong theology of every star;  
 The foliage of the grove, of every tree,  
 Of every flower, presents my GOD to me!

\* Mr. SANDBY of *Windfor-Park*; a gentleman equally well-known as a masterly architect, and as a man of amiable manners, and of a friendly heart.





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